

THE NEW GRY



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TYPES OF SALVATION SOLDIERY. No. III.—THE COLOUR-SERGEANT.

THE comrade who posed for this picture is a converted drunkard, who glories in telling what great things God has done for him. For twenty five years he has been the Colour-Sergeant of his corps. He says he would like, if possible, to be wrapped in The Army colours in his coffin, and nothing would give him greater joy than to "lift up the banner on high" as he goes sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem.



ALL ROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE GENERAL.

BY COLONEL KITCHING.

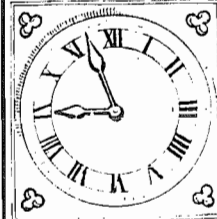
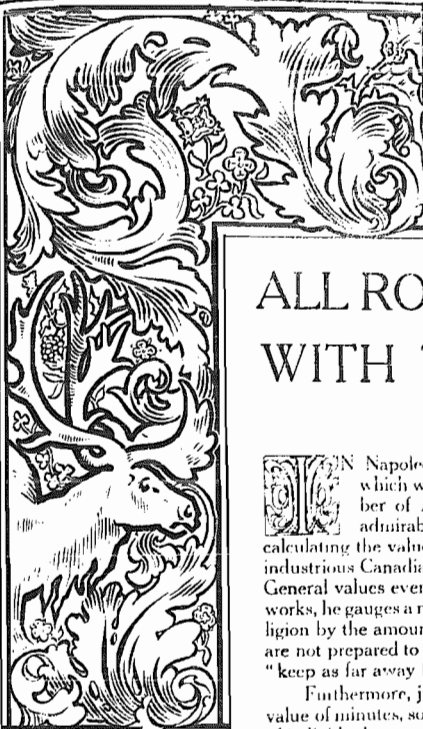
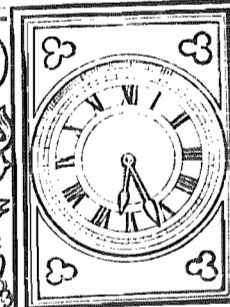
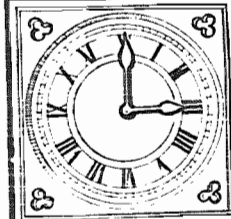
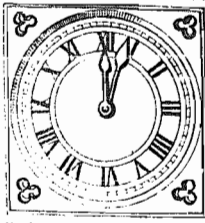
WHEN Napoleon's own account of one of his great battles, at which with only 30,000 men he defeated twice that number of Austrians he wrote—"The enemy manoeuvred admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes." How I wish that even the most industrious Canadian Salvationist could see and know how The General values every one of the minutes of his day! The General works, he gauges a man's devotion, and, to a very large extent, his religion by the amount of work he does. If you don't like work, and are not prepared to work at any hour of the day my advice to you is—"keep as far away from The General as you conveniently can."

Furthermore, just as The General is for ever calculating the value of minutes, so he is for ever calculating the value of the souls of individual men and women. It does not matter whether a man is old or young, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, The General is summing up his worth, asking himself what there is in the man that he can take hold of and put to good account in the Salvation War. It is in this way that The General's mind works, no matter where he may find himself—at home or abroad, be it early or late. At any rate that is what I have found during the nearly thirty years that have gone by since I first met him. I was only a boy, had just been saved, and was fighting my first battles as a Salvation Army Soldier in my old home Corps. "My boy," he said, as he placed one of his hands on my head, "my highest wish for you is that you may become an Army Officer." It seemed unlikely enough just then that such a desire, strongly as it possessed my soul, should ever be realised; but The General's words seemed, even then, to chase away all my doubts and fears on that score.

The General seizes every chance that comes his way, seizes it as though he knew it was to be his last, seizes it for God and for Eternity.

What Soldiers of God there are all over the world, what souls at the right-hand of the Throne, who owe their opportunity, their hope, their heaven, to this wonderful power which The General possesses of making the most of every fleeting chance.

The General is an old man now, honoured and loved by nearly all mankind, but the laurels he has won have been fought for, and the fight he has waged for them has been a stern one and long. The Salvation Army has not come into existence by chance, nor of itself. It has had to be made, and the making of it has been by toil, and sweat, and tears and blood. The younger generation of Salvationists picture The General as having always been what they know him—



grey haired and full of days—forgetting that when he took his stand on that East London wall, and shook out on what, in the judgment of the world, looked like an impossible path, he was only a young man of an age when most men are mainly concerned with their temporal comfort and prospects.

In those days, and for many years to come happily, The General was able to face degrees of physical toil and strain which would be too much for him now, and what his days must have been to his wife, to those who helped him, and to himself, it is difficult even to imagine. Even in my day I remember an Officer who had for some time acted as his Secretary, telling a party of Officers over the beams that on one occasion when travelling with The General they occupied rooms, one of which opened out of the other. Early in the morning the sleeping Secretary was awakened by a hand on his shoulder and a voice which asked: "Now then, are you going to stay in bed all day?" The voice was the voice of The General, who was already dressed and on his way downstairs; the time was 5 o'clock in the morning.

Quite recently I came across an old "War Cry" containing an account of some of The General's doings on his first Canadian journey. One of the illustrations was of three hapless individuals—Commissioner, then Colonel Howdle, Major Vint, and The General—bags in their hands, making their way along a dark street in the dead of the night. The foot-line underneath read: "Stiff in the United States at three o'clock in the morning."

One of my own earliest personal recollections of travelling with The General is associated with a 2 a.m. change at a dismal French railway junction, standing shivering looking after the baggage as I tried to rub my poor eyes awake, a fruitless search for a note-book which—hang it all! I had left in the train, an effort to inspire myself with half-cold coffee, and a brave endeavour to "take down" a letter to The Chief from The General's dictation on the back of an envelope.

"But that was years ago," you say, "Yes" and of course times have changed, and it is not in the nature of things that at 82 he can rattle along at quite the same pace as he could at 52, but for all that, and even since I have been his custom to breakfast in his own room, I do mean to say that there are not many days that pass by when The General is not face to face with half a dozen or more knotty problems, thinking his way into, round, or over the many difficulties with which he ever finds himself confronted long before noon, and—oh, how only live!—but his years have done much more than rub the "wrinkles" out of his eyes. Whether in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australia, The General's mode of living hardly varies. "Simplicity" is the keynote of it all. "Tea and buttered toast" sounds an almost impossible breakfast menu for an old man who knows that before him is a long, hard day, but The General thrives on it, his only variation or luxury at that meal being perhaps a boiled egg.

"After breakfast rest a while," the old-fashioned rhyme-proverb runs, but at The General's house the rule is: "After breakfast, prayers," the main purpose of the prayers being that he may have strength and wisdom for the day's work that is before him. "Prayers" include, of course, the reading of the prescribed portion from "The Soldier's Guide," sometimes followed by a little homily suggested by the reading in question.

The General's first and most regular visitor there like clock-work is Mr. Bramwell Booth, The Chief of the Staff. He may bring with him a hundred and one different matters; but most of them will be problems. For an hour, perhaps a couple of hours, careful and thoughtful discussion follows.

"I must fly," says The Chief, as he looks at his watch, and, giving The General a "good-bye" salute, the last words he hears as he closes the garden gate. The General standing at the door, are burdened with weighty directions concerning some large affairs, or concerned with some personal interest he is feeling in one or other of our comrades in different parts of the world.

Then The General turns to his desk. Before him is a pile of important letters from half the countries of the world; at his right hand the proofs of a book, shortly to be

passed through the press, as well as an article for our old friend "The War Cry," while at his left there are some manuscript notes to help him in an interview he is to have tomorrow.

In response to the touch of the bell lying near at hand, a secretary enters the room, and The General proceeds with his dictation.

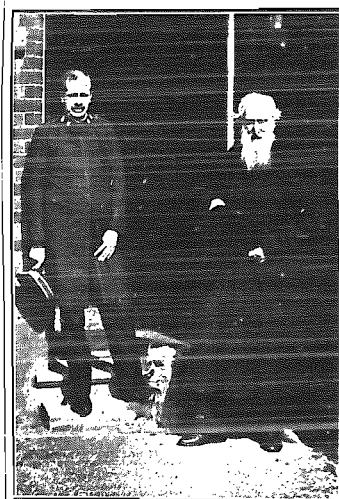
Messengers arrive from Headquarters, telegrams from there and elsewhere, and the call of a Pre-snan who has come from town on the off-chance of finding The General "at home" occupy the rest of the morning.

Then dinner. Of what does it consist? The plainest of fare, of that you may be sure. To-day it is vegetable soup, macaroni cheese, and some unsweetened rice pudding. Nothing to drink! Not even a cup of coffee.

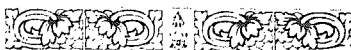
After dinner "rest a while," so The General goes to his room, where he has a short nap. This has been his custom for many years, and his ability to keep at work during the remainder of the day is largely dependent upon it.

Then more work, writing, thinking, interviewing, work, work, work!

At tea-time, plain fare again, a couple of Commissioners join him, taking instructions upon various matters of policy affecting the happiness and usefulness of perhaps a million souls. Or, as was the case when I called the other day, half a dozen children



The General and Col. Kitching the author of this article



two of them his grandchildren, the others the family of an Officer who lives near by—are "having tea with The General." They are drinking the tea and enjoying the cake, but their eyes, after every bite and every sip, turn towards that white head which "all men love."

After tea he tells them, as they stand around his knee, of his hopes for them all, urges them to learn their lessons well, to speak kindly to all, to write so that what they write can be read, and, most of all, to love God and seek to please Him with all their hearts. Lucky children to be so near, to see, to hear, to touch The General, whom they adore!

Then The General goes to the door. "Grip!" he calls, and Grip, who seems to love his master almost as well as the children do, bounds and barks and jumps with delight as The General takes him off for a walk. But Grip's joy is short in duration, for The General's thoughts are still at his desk, and the unfinished work that lies there. In a few minutes The General is "at home" again with the gas lit, the curtains drawn, his slippers on, his pen in his hand, and his mind on his work.

Seven o'clock strikes, eight—nine—but The General works on. The door opens. "Well General, what sort of a day have you

had?" asks the Chief, as he comes in, looking as though he would drop with fatigue, and, handing him some more proofs, some more letters, begins at once to talk some more problems.

It is often eleven, sometimes later, before The General mounts the stairs and turns in. But even then that does not necessarily mean to sleep; the perplexities and difficulties that have arisen may keep him tossing for hours in the darkness, longing for the dawn, and wondering what the day will bring forth.

The portrait to be found in the pictorial section shows The General and the Chief of the Staff together. They seem indissolubly united, these two men, upon whose shoulders falls so heavy a weight. Since The Army Mother was taken from The General's side, and that is now 21 years ago, the Chief has more and more as the days have gone by made himself a partner in The General's sorrows as well as his joys. "Whatever would The Army do without The General?" is a question we often hear asked, but the question that comes far more frequently to my own mind is "Whatever would The General do without the Chief?" Never had a Commander-in-Chief a more trusted Chief of the Staff, never had a father a more loved and a loving eldest son than The General has in Bramwell Booth, and never probably were there two men so keenly set on the attainment of the same great object.

A DRUNKARD AND OUTCAST.

Now Foreman of a Factory, a model husband and Father, and a Good Salvationist.

COLOUR-SERGEANT Jackson, of Victoria B. C., is an Irishman by birth, his native town being Dungannon, in County Tyrone. He had all the advantages of a Christian, but in spite of this he early started on a wild, downward career. Restless of home restraint, and desiring to "see life," he left home and sailed for America. Landing in New York, he found himself a stranger in a strange land. After spending some time there and getting more and more in the grip of the demon drink, he decided to go further west. Eventually he arrived in Winnipeg. He stayed there for a year and then went to British Columbia, where he knocked around for three years, first in one camp and then in another. At length he reached Victoria where his people had emigrated to. His down-hill progress had been rapid, and by this time he was a confirmed drunkard and so disreputable had he become that his own people would have nothing to do with him. He lived around where he could drink most of the time, till at last very few saloon-keepers would allow him inside their doors.

One night while on a drunken spree which had lasted three days, he went to The Army Hall. As the meeting went on the Spirit of God awakened his better feelings, and when a Comrade came and spoke to him he went out to the mercy-seat sobbing like a child. There the poor drunkard and outcast, without a cent in his pocket and without a friend in the world, found the greatest of all friends—the one that sticks closer than a brother. On rising to his feet he said, "No matter what happens, I will see the whole way!" In spite of all the ups and downs of life, he has ever remained true to his vow. Although many gave him only a week to stand, yet, to-day, after twenty years of faithful service in The Army, he is as determined to go on as ever.

God has wonderfully prospered him. Shortly after his conversion he started to work in a factory. He is now the foreman.

For eighteen years he was the drummer of the Corps, also holding the position of Secretary. Last January he was commissioned as Colour-Sergeant. Thirteen years ago he was married to Sister Porter who was transferred from the Junior to the Senior Roll on the same day that he was enrolled as a Soldier.

His home is a model of what a Salvationist home should be. Three children have come to know it, the eldest boy being a member of the Y. P. Band.

Truly, Colour-Sergeant Jackson was a diamond in the rough, and to-day he is a respected and valued Soldier of The Salvation Army.

This story belongs to the Colour-Sergeant, and is found on pages 7 and 8; and the same conditions apply to it.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.



St. Nicholas Cuddle and the poor Soberman (Fourth Century).

WHAT would Christmas be without Santa Claus? Both old and young delight in that mythical personage whose jolly, rubicund countenance, capacious bag and bounding reindeer, are so closely associated with the generosity and politeness of Christmas.

The forerunner of Santa Claus was St. Nicholas of Patara, who lived in the fourth century, the name having, during the passing of the centuries, changed from Santa Nicholas to Santa Claus.

Our first picture illustrates the custom of the Christmas stocking, the origin of which has been thus described: A poor nobleman of Patara, who had three daughters had sunk into great poverty. St. Nicholas heard of his distress, and passing by the house one night found a window open, and dropped in a purse of gold. This he did three times, once for each daughter, and the third time the grateful nobleman caught him in the act.

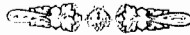
Thence has come the custom of placing gifts in stockings when the owner is not near.

Christmas would not seem to be Christmas to the young people with an upland earnest tree, and the illustration of the Christmas tree is based on an account of one by a visitor to Strasburg, in Alsace in 1685. The tree itself was not lighted; paper roses, apples, sugar-plums hung from its branches; toys and presents were laid out on the table. The Christmas tree was introduced from Germany into England at the time of Queen Victoria's reign, and since then has become a part of Christmas festivities wherever the English language is spoken.

The Salvation Army make the Christmas tree to be a great feature of the festivities provided for the poor children in the slums of the great cities of the world.



The Christmas Tree at Strasburg (1684).



The Christmas box, as we know it now, is a relic of the custom in ancient Catholic days of placing a box in each church to receive alms throughout the year. On the day after Christmas, the whole collection was distributed among the poor. The following verses on this topic appeared in The Illustrated London News for 1900, from which periodical we reproduce the pictures that appear on this page.

It is the Christmas morrow;
The ground lies deep in snow.
Come hither, ye that sorrow,
All ye that hunger know.

Hither to Christ's own portal,
Ye main'd and halt and blind;
Hither, where love immortal
Makes mortal love more kind.

On yestern-morn rejoicing
We hail'd the heavenly birth
And sang sweet carols, voicing
Peace and goodwill on earth:

Goodwill and loving-kindness,
And peace to all men born
And light to lighten blindness,
And joy to them that mourn.

This day our gifts we offer,
Each day, all through the year



Christmas Fare for the poor and needy (Thirteenth Century).

In the castle kitchen wile
See My Lady standing there.
With her maidens at her side,
Dealing doles of Christmas fare,
Loaf and capon, goose and fitch,
Serf and beggar through'd to take
At the portals of the rich,
Once a year for Jesus' sake.

Waits, in ancient times were watchmen; and the name of "waits" was given to minstrels of the king's court whose duty it was to patrol the streets at night and proclaim the hour. When the waits became town musicians in stead of court pages, they were some times civic servants, employed as night watchmen, and sometimes as night minstrels who looked to private gifts for a living.

In these days customs have changed and now the most popular form of waits, perhaps, is that of The Salvation Army Bands, which on Christmas eve, play in the streets, and certainly it is very delightful in "the wee, small hours beyond the twal" to be awakened by music from instruments playing "Christians Awake!" or "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and other old Christmas carols which are sung in every British possession.

We trust however, that the observance of these good old customs will not end with merely good cheer and human rejoicings, but that all will look away beyond them to the Divine Person Whose birth these customs celebrate, and that all observances will be in the spirit of peace on earth and love to our Redeemer beyond the skies. This spirit will manifest itself in adoring Christ by prayer and praise, and comforting those of the great human family with the necessities they stand in need of. A cup of cold water given in His Name will not lose its reward.

The Christmas Box in old Catholic days (Fourteenth Century).

Cast into Christ's own coffer,
In sign that Christ is here.

All ye that bear the burden,
Ye poor and needy, take
Our Christmas gifts and guerdon,
Given for Christ His sake.

From the same source we also take the subjoined verses which relate to customs of distributing Christmas fare amongst the poor and needy. Throughout the world The Salvation Army distributes nearly a million Christmas meals:

Even in the fierce old days,
Days of torture and of strife,
When in dark and devilish ways
Kings took toll of human life.

When the scaffold and the stake
Ran with blood and -bricked with pain
Once a year for Jesus' sake,
Love usurp'd the tyrant's reign.

Once a year the feudal lord
Fed the hungry at his gate;
Idle left the axe, the sword,
All the instruments of hate.

At the season of his birth
Whom the King of Love men call,
Kindness ruled awhile on earth:
Love united hut and hall.



Night Watchmen as Waits (Fifteenth Century).



THE IMMIGRANT LUMBER-JACK



IN the lee of the Douglas fir-trees, in the midst of the tamaracks tall
Where the spruce and the cedars flourish, and the snows of the north-land fall
Is the camp of the strong-arm'd woodsmen; who, running their sectional lines,
Go blazing the trail over mountain and dale felling the tall, ancient pines.

'Twas a day when no ax-blows were ringing, when no logs on the roll-way slid,
And the cant-hooks were stack'd in a corner; there was silence on travoy and skid;
For 'twas Christmas, and, e'en in the forest, mankind from their daily toil stay'd
To rejoice o'er the birth of the Saviour on earth who once in a manger was laid.

To the frost-lad'n air of the heavens, the smoke from the cook-camp fil'd,
While the men, on the shanty-seats, chatted, or sang of the star announc'd child.
By the stove sat a lumber-jack reading—an immigrant Englishman, he;
Who smil'd as he said, when the letter he'd read, " 'Tis from dear ones over the sea."

Then his mind became flooded with memories of days that were evil and drend,
When he sat in the midst of his children, while the family was mourning for bread.
How he tramp'd from grey dawn till darkness in the wet, o'er the cold pavement stones;
And, in vain, all the day, he sought work to earn pay that would silence his hungry ones groans.

He was born in a Devonshire hamlet and was bred on a west-country farm.



He was bless'd with the throws of a giant, and was guiltless of vices and harm;
But he dreaded to die in the poor-house—where his fathers as paupers had died—
So to better his lot—which he found he did not—went to London to work and abide.

But hard was his lot in the city, his work was ill-paid for and slack,
And the long, weary years of his struggles made it none the less bitter or black.
He had heard of our mighty Dominion with its wheat and its labour for aill,
Of the system of aid that The Army made for the needy who on it would call.

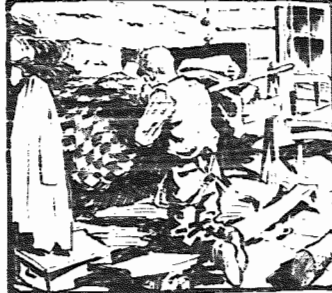
So he call'd on The Salvation Army, and for help he did anxiously plead,
And with love and with grace in the giver, to his cry did The Army take heed.

'Midst the winds on the waves he was happy, and hopes bounded high in his breast,
There was wealth in the soil, there was wages for toil in that wonderful Land of the West.

He has fenc'd in his quarter-section, and has broken the rich, loamy ground;

He has worked with a smoky steam-thresher—by the sun he is harden'd and brown'd.
But now, in a lumberer's outfit, with a broad-ax and ribbon of steel,

He's revealing a prize—to the sun and the skies—of land for the ploughshare to feel.



He crunches the snow when he's walking instead of the mud and the stones,
He dreams of his children's gay laughter, and he hears no starvation groans.
He has work'd and has taken his wages, and has sent the bulk home to his wife,
And the children will feed on a dinner instead as they will never forget through life.

So his wife, in her letter, has told him—the mail had just come to the camp—
And he reads it again in the evening by the light of the shanty's dim lamp;
He reads with his eyes growing brighter, and ere to his bunk-bed he goes,
Thanks his Father above for the proofs of His love and the blessings He freely bestows.

When the spring-time shall come and the snow melt, and the wheat-seed takes root to the ground,
Then the wife will come out with the children, and the joy of them all will abound.
They will miss the hedges of England and the scents of the Old Country lanes,
But they'll leave all the grime and the slums and the crime and the cut's equal pains.

Into the plains of the North-West, under the homestead roof,
Where the land is as gold in summer, in the winter as linen wool—

There a man has a home for the striving, there are comforts for those who endure,
Those who follow the Lord and who hark to His Word will find all His promises sure.



SOME COLOUR SERGEANTS.

PUT ON INDIAN LIST.

Was then a Drunken Tailor; now a Trophy of Grace.

COLOUR-SERGEANT FORWELL, of Woodstock, Ont., had the advantage of good home influences, but, like many another, he despised them. Brought up a Street Prodigy,



"He was again arrested, and driven to jail in a Brewery Wagon."

perian by his grandparents, he soon threw aside their teachings when he started out to earn his own living, and rapidly went from bad to worse. He was apprenticed to the tailoring trade when but a boy, and his mates, no doubt taking advantage of his youthfulness, would send him out to get beer, tobacco, and sporting papers for them each morning. Before long he could drink, smoke, and gamble as well as the men. His first bet won him \$100. Encouraged by this he took to street betting, and was promptly jailed. He soon lost all self-respect, and was twice arrested for drunkenness, spending a week in the cells in each case. At last he was put on the Indian list. But somehow or other he contrived to get more liquor, and was again arrested and driven to jail in a brewery wagon. He fully expected a heavy sentence this time, but to his surprise got off with a severe reprimand.

The Sunday following, his wife and daughter got converted in the Army Hall. They persuaded him to attend a meeting. This gave the Officer's wife a chance to have a good talk to him about his soul, with the result that he went to the penitential-form, where, after a full confession of his sins, he felt a change of heart and an assurance of being right with God. A marvellous change now took place on his side. His home, once a miserable place for his loved ones, became a happy place, and the atmosphere, once vile with odors and curses, became full of praises to God. Many a man now listens to our brother testifying in the open air, and wishes to have an experience like his.

A PUGILISTIC STONEMASON

Now he fights the Devil

COLOUR-SERGEANT JOHN HOCKRIDGE, of Bowmanville, was born in a small Cornish town in the year 1827. His chief playmates were the children of a saloon-keeper, who taught him to like beer so well that at the age of seven he looked forward to his daily allowance. A few years later he got drunk for the first time. Meanwhile he had developed a great liking for wrestling and fighting, and being strong and quiet, he soon became popular in the art. Once he nearly killed his opponent, but this did not deter him from fighting others.

About the age of twenty-two he got married and emigrated to Canada. He settled in Bowmanville, where he got work as a stonemason. One day it was arranged that John should fight a pair of his workmates, one at a time. The first man got knocked out, and, seeing this, the other fellow ran off. Of course this victory had to be celebrated, and so John got drunk. From that time till his conversion never a week passed but John

These Life Sketches of Colour Sergeants of The Army have been contributed to our Short Story Competition. Which do you like best? Will you send us a post card, giving the title of the story that pleased you most? The writer of the story that secures the most votes will receive a Ten Dollar Bill.

got helplessly drunk. Sundays were spent in drinking and fighting, and he never went near a church.

When The Salvation Army came to town John avoided them. But some of his chums got converted and started out to capture John, too. One evening, when returning from work, he was met by one of these, who insisted on his going to meeting with him right away. John refused, but reluctantly consented to go on Sunday afternoon. He went and sat in a back seat, where he listened in amazement to the testimonies of his one-time companions in sin. He went again at night and made up his mind that he would quit drinking beer. Next night he was at the Hall again, but as it was soldiers' meeting he could not get in. So he started for home. On the way he had to pass a saloon, and forgetting his resolution, he went in and ordered a drink. He was lifting the glass to his lips when something, he could never explain what, stopped him. He put down the glass, went out and home, and from that day forward never touched a drop of liquor. The following Sunday night he was one of seven at the mercy-seat. The news soon spread around town that John Hockridge had "joined" The Army, and many were the comments passed on his likelihood of "keeping it." Most gave him two or three weeks, but John went on. He was first given the position of door-keeper. During this time he had many hard times to keep from using his pugilistic ability on some of the roughs who sought to upset the meetings. He got the victory, however, and proved himself a good soldier. Later he was made Colour Sergeant, which position he has held for over twenty years. As he had been known for his badness, so he became known for his goodness, and he could always be relied upon to be there at every meeting ready to do his part. A truer, better, or more loyal Salvationist it would be hard to find, and he has ever been a source of inspiration to both Officers and Soldiers. To-day while getting old and somewhat crippled, his spirit and faith are as strong as ever, and he stands a monument of God's wonder-working power.



"The first man got knocked out, and, seeing this, the other fellow ran off."

AN OLD SEA DOG

Once on way to ruin, now steering for the Port of Glory.

COLOUR-SERGEANT MARK SMITH, of Owen Sound took to a seafaring life at a very early age. This was but to be expected, considering the fact that his parents depended on the sea for their livelihood. His father was a fisherman living at Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland, and so little Mark had every opportunity of going cod-fishing. Boy-like, he preferred fishing to going to school, and regretted it later when, on his first trip away from home, he found himself unable to write a letter to his mother. To his credit, let it be said that he started to improve himself from that time forward and soon succeeded in reading and writing tolerably well.

But Mark had two very strong weaknesses, as the Irishman put it; one, a very violent temper, and, two, a liking for liquor. For many years he sailed the Atlantic. His first long voyage was from Labrador to Plymouth, England, with a cargo of dried cod.



"He fell heavily to the ground as a rolled clear of the tracks."

From thence he went to Cardiff, where the vessel was loaded with coal and sent to Cadiz, in Spain. Here they took on a cargo of salt and departed for South America, and from thence sailed back to Liverpool, and from thence to St. John's. And thus for many years our comrade went from port to port of the broad Atlantic. One year he was on a cable ship, another on a sealing voyage, and a third doing something else.

His history may be briefly recorded, as drinking, fighting, and pleasure-seeking at every port, the record gets monotonous.

Eighteen years ago, however, an event happened which broke the monotony and introduced Mark to an entirely new life. He was in Montreal at the time, a sin-hardened sailor, yet not too hard for tied to deal with. Three incidents stand out in his memory. They all happened on one day. Whilst proceeding to his lodgings in a drunken condition, he crossed the railway tracks just as the Boston Express drew near. He did not realize his danger, but happening to trip over a rail he fell heavily to the ground and rolled clear of the tracks just as the train dashed by. He got up sober. On reaching home he found a letter awaiting him. It contained news of his father's death. A little later he went into The Salvation Army Hall, and to his surprise, saw an old chum of his sitting on the platform. Then he heard this man, who had been a bad one, testify to the change God had wrought in him. Mark was deeply impressed, and the end of the matter was that he went to the penitential-form to seek the same Saviour his chum had found. But he had many doubts and fears. It was the Sunday afternoon meeting he attended. His old chum took him home to supper and brought him back to the meeting at night. Mark got

the glory" that night, and all his doubts and fears disappeared, swept away by a flood of assurance of salvation. In the middle of the night he awoke all the people in the house by his loud hallelujahs. After that Mark was never ashamed to let people know whose side he was on. He again went to sea, but this time instead of spending his wages in drink he saved them up. Thus he was in a position a few years later to take unto himself a wife and to settle down on shore. They lived first at Montreal, and later on moved to Owen Sound. They have recently moved into their own new home, and are very happy. Our comrade has been Colour-Sergeant for about four years, and we trust he may long be spared to carry the dear old colours.

A GREAT DRINK SLAVE

Emigration did not change him, but Salvation did.

COLOUR-SERGEANT FIFE, of Montreal II., is, as his name implies, a Scotchman. Sixty-one years ago he was born at Clackmannan, and six and a half years ago he was born again. Previous to his conversion he was a drink slave. His son, thinking that new surroundings might help his father, ad-



"Looming about a saloon"

vised him to emigrate to Canada. He soon found, however, that man's heart is not changed by changing his environment. Bro. Fife settled in Montreal, where he found abundant opportunities of satisfying his craving for drink. One night, about eighteen months after landing in Canada, he was lounging about a saloon when he heard the sound of the Army drum. Presently an Army sister came into the saloon and personally invited him to go to the meeting. He did so, though he was very drunk, and when the invitation to go forward was given he marched out to the pent tent form. God saved him that night.

He had days of "languishing" that the morning after a solemn confession, but the morning following his conversion proved an exception. The desire to drink had completely left him. He had turned to God in prayer and from that time he has not a drop of booze has passed his lips. He is now a respected citizen and a soldier of The Salvation Army.

A FRIENDLESS DRUNKARD.

Two Memorable Nights in his Life.

COLOUR-SERGEANT WALKER, of Earlscourt is a man of grace. It was in July, 1911, that he found salvation. Before that he served the Devil well. All that was worth having he had lost through drink, and often suffering with delirium tremens, doctors had tried all means possible to cure him of the drink habit, but had signally failed. The night previous to his conversion he slept in an Army Shelter. In his pocket was a flask of whiskey, so that he could slake his thirst during the night. That was one of the worst nights of his life. On Sunday morning he left the empty bottle under the bed and set out to walk he knew not where. The Devil was his close companion that morning, and tempted him to despair and to end his miserable life. The day wore on, and in the afternoon he found himself on the out-kirts of the City of Toronto. A man in a bright uniform, carrying a drum, passed by. Bro.



"A man carrying a drum passed by."

Walker followed him. Soon he arrived at the spot where The Salvation Army was holding an open-air meeting. He stood a little way off and listened to the songs and testimonies. Then he followed the band to the tent, but stood outside till one of the soldiers invited him to come in. As the people were singing a Salvation song the light broke in on Bro. Walker's dark soul, and he went to the mercy-seat and found salvation. He often says that he came in feeling that he had not a friend in the world, but he rose from his knees to find that he had quite a lot, and, best of all, Jesus was his friend. That night he went back to the Shelter to sleep, and occupied the same bed. But what a different night he put in! Instead of waking up at intervals to drink from the flask, he slept soundly and when he awoke in the morning he praised God for saving him. Next day he set out for Earlscourt again and, so strong is the force of habit, turned into the first hotel he came to. But realizing his mistake, he turned back in the doorway, and went on his way again. He has never had any desire for drink since then, and to-day is a happy soldier in the ranks of The Army.

ONCE LIVED IN A BARN.

Now has a comfortable home and wife, and family are happy.

COLOUR-SERGEANT GEORGE THURLE, of Tilsonburg was a notorious sinner before his conversion. He first got drunk at the early age of ten. At sixteen he was a confirmed toper. He managed to check himself for awhile after his marriage, but the old habits proved too strong for him, and he soon started drinking again. Many a night he went home with his clothes nearly torn off, his face bruised and cut, and his eyes swollen to twice their natural size. But many a night he did not return at all, and his wife waited in vain for the sound of his footsteps. He was in the clutches of the police, locked up for being drunk and disorderly. He very seldom went to a place of worship, preferring to spend his Sundays in gambling. When there was no one else to play cards with he tried to imagine that the devil was his partner. Many a game he played in this fashion.

But there came a change. One night in May, 1909, he wandered into The Salvation Army Hall. He was convicted of sin, and in repentance knelt at the mercy-seat. He rose to his feet conscious that he was saved.

At first many thought that this sudden change was due to excitement, but as the weeks and months rolled by and they witnessed his consistent new life, they began to believe in the reality of his conversion.

In his drunken days he and his family



"Playing cards with the devil"

lived in an old barn. Now they have a comfortable little home. Brother Thurle has steady employment, and is respected by everyone in town.

He loves to carry the Army flag, and says he is grateful to God that The Army ever came his way. Another evidence of the complete change in him is the fact that he voluntarily gave up the use of tobacco after being a smoker for thirty years.

HE WAITED TWELVE YEARS

Then The Army came, and now he walks twelve miles to meeting.

COLOUR-SERGEANT CHISLETT is a Newfoundlander. As a boy he was very strictly brought up by good parents, but never experienced any change of heart till he was sixteen years of age. It happened thus: Two men came to the village and asked his father if they could hold a revival service



"He entered the woods of his mother"

in his house. They were Salvationists. Permission was given, and the meeting that followed made a powerful impression on the lad. But the men went away, and Bro. Chislett did not see or hear anything more of The Salvation Army till nine years later. Then, sold or from a Corps ten miles distant visited the village. He was collecting for Self Denial. Three years more passed away before the Army established a Corps there. Brother Chislett's younger brother got converted about that time and began to nag others to seek Christ. So far had Brother Chislett drifted from his early teachings that he began to ridicule the words of his brother. But he was sorry for it a little later, when that brother went to the fishing banks and did not return. He saw how guilty he was and sought and found the forgiveness of God. Fourteen years have passed away since then, and Brother Chislett has proved a good Salvationist in season and out of season. He is always at his post, and often during the summer months when his calling takes him down the coast, he walks twelve miles or Saturday night in order to be present at the Sunday's meetings.

THE COCK FIGHTING DOCTOR

THREE generations ago two Buddhist priests of Ceylon went to England, the first priests of that religion who had ever been there. They went to study, and met that learned scholar and devoted Christian Dr. Adam Clarke. Both were converted in his study. They returned to Ceylon and were both married, for Buddhist priests like Roman Catholics, are celibates. One of them became a minister of the Gospel, the other a Government official.

The latter had a large family, a great blessing, according to Oriental modes of thought. But one son did not turn out to be a blessing to his parents, that is, until he got converted. It is an anomaly among young men of the East to study hard and stand well in the world. This youth was diligent. To make matters worse he rejected the faith of his father and married a Buddhist woman.

But The Salvation Army now started to work in the village, and in course of time the apostate came back to the Christian faith. Great was his joy, as a young convert in testifying everywhere, in carrying the flag, and in bearing persecution for his Master's sake. He delighted to compose songs for the meetings, and became a very useful soldier. A few years ago he went to be with the Lord, where I hope some day to meet him.—Kittie Wood, Kumara Kula Singh.

A BARRACK-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL;

OR, HOW A BOOZING SCHOOL GOT BROKEN UP—A NAVAL AND MILITARY STORY.

SCENE I. A Military Canteen. Enter Privates Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson who call for pints of beer and then sit down at a table.

Pvt. Smith: "Where's old Hookey got to lately? He hasn't showed up here for the last two days."

Pvt. Jones: "Why, 'aven't you heard the news? He's gone and joined the Salvos. Can't drink nothing stronger than tea now."

Pvt. Smith: "Garn, wot yer givin' 't! Wot, Hookey turn blue light? Why, only last week he went and flogged his overcoat to an old shoe in order to scrape up enough clunk to get drunk on. Him get religious. Ha, ha! you tell that to the marines."

Pvt. Jones (getting angry): "Never mind the marines, matey; I'm atelling it to you, and if you don't choose to believe me, why just come outside and I'll punch yer thick head for yer."

Pvt. Smith: "Or-right, come on then."

(They both rise, glare fiercely at each other, and make a move towards the door.)

Pvt. Brown: "Here, come and sit down, you two. Wot's the good of fighting over nothing? It's Gospel truth, Smithy, wot Jonesy's been telling you about Hookey, so come and be pals again and drink each other's health in a pot o' pongo."

Pvt. Smith: "Evidently much relieved at this turn of affairs; 'Och well, if that's so I'll look over Private Jones' violent language and shake hands with him."

Pvt. Jones: "And save yerself from getting a sore head."

(They shake hands, each take a drink from the pot and sit down again at the table.)

Pvt. Brown: "Yus, as I was a-saying, it's all true about Hookey. He's got regular mesmerized by them Salvation people. Gets up at Reveille now to read his bible, and sez his prayers afore turning in at night."

Pvt. Smith: "The 'ol an'ob, I'll bet ten to one he's a-doing it all just to get in with one of them bassies down there. When she gives 'im the cold mill he'll be wanting to join in with us again."

Pvt. Robinson (assuming dramatic attitude): "Alen, soldiers, countrymen, lend me yer ears."

Pvt. Smith (interrupting): "No fear; I'm a-going to hang on to mine."

Pvt. Robinson: "Oid yer now and listen to me, I'm a-going to say something. Now mates, wot I sez is this. When a man wot's belonged to a respectable boozing school belonged to a respectable boozing school, yes, I say like ours. 'Gries of hear, hear! Of yes, I say when such a one backs out of paying his share for the weekly beer supply of our boozing school and leaves his old pals without a word of warning, he deserves to be made a public example of. Wot say you?"

(Cries of That's right.)

Robinson continues: "Then I propose that we hold a barrack-room court martial on the said Hookey, and if he be found guilty that we sentence him to fitting punishment."

(Cries of Right O! Dear! Hear!)

Pvt. Robinson: "Then the court will meet together at 10 o'clock to-night boys."

(Exit all)

SCENE II. A Military Barrack Room. Time 9.45 p.m. Enter Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Robinson: "No sign of the enemy yet, boys."

Smith: "Och, he'll be here soon. He'll have to be in before ten anyway, because he hasn't got a P. P."



"The other two drag him along the centre of the room and keep guard over him."

Jones: "Let's play nap till he comes, our all being in here together won't seem so suspicious to him then."

(A Pack of Cards is produced and they start to play) A few minutes later Private White, otherwise known as Hookey, enters. He is singing gaily:

At the Cross, at the Cross where I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy all the day.

Smith: "Shut up you 'ol hypocrite, I'll bet you ain't half so happy as when you used to booze along of us."

White: "I never knew what true happiness was then, Smith, but since I've got saved I am truly happy all the day. I only wish you would start to serve Christ, too."

Smith: "Garn with yer sermons. We know yer little game, Hookey. It won't be long afore you'll jack the whole thing up, like lots of the rest on 'em do as gets religious mania. One good thing about it is that it don't last long, as a rule."

White: "Well, I won't argue the matter, but I humbly trust that by the grace of God I shall be faithful to the end."

Robinson: "Come on here, Smithy, watch the game, never mind about chewing the rag with a religious maniac."

(Sudden increased attention to the Cardplaying)

Last Post is heard sounding outside. Private White, after removing his cap and belt, kneels by the side of his cot to pray. The card-players glance in his direction and all silently rise. Robinson and Brown approach White, seize him, and bind his arms and legs with cords, while Jones and Smith secure a large blanket and hold it in readiness to receive the prisoner, who is then



"The ex-members of the boozing school sing a Salvation Song together."

dumped into it. Robinson, as president of the court, now seats himself in a chair, Brown stands on his left hand side, while the other two drag the prisoner to the centre of the room and keep guard over him.

Pvt. Brown: "I now call upon the president to read out the crimes of Pvt. White."

Robinson (rising to his feet with great gravity, pretends to read from paper as follows): "Private A. R. White, 1st Battalion of the Royal Flatfoots, is charged with—"

"1st. Absenting himself without leave from the canteen."

"2nd. Refusing to comply with an order given by senior soldier to attend canteen."

"3rd. Found in barrack room praying to General Booth."

"4th. Refusing to discontinue the above praying."

"Finding—The court finds Prisoner No. 1234, Private A. R. White, guilty of all the

charges of which he is accused.

"Sentence. The court sentences Prisoner No. 1234, Private A. R. White, to be twelve times shaken up as high as the ceiling. Furthermore, the Court orders that he be coloured all over with chrome, yellow, and pipeclay. If then quiet, he is to be strapped in bed till 5 a.m. next morning, after which he will be taken to the Regimental Wash-house and put under the pump. After that he may be released and watched."

[All four then descend on the hapless prisoner, and each seizing a corner of the blanket, proceed to toss him in the air, during which performance "Lights out!" sounds.

SCENE III. Meeting Room at S.A. Naval and Military Home. Enter Army Officer, followed by a number of Soldiers and Sailors.

Officer: "Come along, it's time to begin our meeting. Brother Robinson, you fine out a song."

Robinson, wearing S. A. jersey, gives out song; Brown, also in S. A. jersey, beats the drum. They all sing:

Officer: "And now we will have some testimonies. Who will be the first?"

Pvt. Smith: "Well, thank God I am saved. Only a short time ago I used to sneer at all religious people, but I'm glad it's different with me now. I feel ashamed of myself when I think of all the things I said and did to Brother White here to try and knock Salvation out of him."

Pvt. White: "That's all right, brother." Pvt. Smith (continuing): "But that's a thing of the past now. It was his changed life, his joyful testimony, and his patient endurance of insult that made me think there was something in religion after all, and my friends here, Robinson, Brown, and Jones, can say the same thing, too."

Robinson, Brown, and Jones (in chorus): "Yes, that we can."

Pvt. White: "And now, Captain, with your permission, the ex-members of the Boozing School would like to sing together a song composed by Brother Robinson."

Officers: Just the thing. Go ahead lads."

White, Robinson, Brown, Jones, and Smith sing the following verses to the tune of "Glory to His Name."

Right glad are we to be here tonight,
Once on a time it was our delight
To sit in the canteen, to quarrel and fight,
Now we love to sing
Faithful will we be to our Captain,
True to the King we love so well,
True our God to the
(All march off singing chorus.)



BY THE COMMISSIONER

It was Christmas eve, and a young Salvation Army lassie set out with a basket of Christmas fare for a poor, aged but pious old woman in order to brighten Christmas-tide for her. They had known one another in Sweden, so that there was a natural tie between them as well as the bonds of Christian fellowship.

After fulfilling her errand, the young maiden was about to leave, but before taking her departure said: "I hope, auntie, you will have a beautiful Christmas tree—in far-away Sweden the custom is for every member of the family to have a Christmas tree, and old and young alike have their tree trimmed by loving hands. But the friendless old lady somewhat despondently replied: "No one has ever trimmed a tree for me." The young girl was, for a moment, at a loss for an answer, but rapidly recovering herself said: "The angels have trimmed your Christmas tree, auntie. You are a Christian, and God's gift to this poor, dark suffering world was a Christmas gift, and it was announced by the Angels."

Does not this incident remind us at this 1911 Festive Season that Christmas ought to be a time of joy and gladness, and that we have the very best reasons for making it such?

My dear Reader, may I remind you of a few of the wonderful gifts, that the Angels, if I may say so, hung upon that first Christmas Tree—

The First was a new view of God. The Jews had been looking forward to, and expecting the advent of a temporal king; one who should come and fight their battles, drive their enemies from their land, and establish them as the ruling and reigning people of the world. But this was not the view of God as proclaimed by the Angels. They came to sing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill toward men."

The Second gift hanging upon this wonderful Tree was the promise of Pardon for every sin-sick, tired, and weary soul.

I would like to ask at this point—Is all the Christmas gladness genuine, and is it based upon the true source from which all real joy and happiness should come? Alas! I am afraid not. Sin always has been, and still is, the destroyer of all true peace and happiness; and where sin is—whether in thought or deed—there is not to be found true joy. But, for all those who wish this true joy and peace—which cannot be found elsewhere—the promise of Pardon for one and all was hung upon the first Christmas Tree.

Then the Third gift found upon this Christmas Tree was the promise of the gift of priceless Peace, that most wonderful gift of God. The peace of God that passeth all understanding.

Reader, have you this peace? Is your mind and heart at rest, are you reconciled to God, and are you in a fit position to say with the Apostle Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me"; or, are there still to be found somewhere in your heart things that are contrary to God's will? They may appear small and insignificant to you, and yet they may be quite sufficient to rob the soul of that deep, inward joy, peace, and rest.

Then the Angels hung something else upon the Tree, the Fourth gift, another priceless, precious treasure, the promise of Holiness, and Perfect Cleansing from all inbred sin.

If these lines should be read by any soul that is struggling with the roots of bitterness within; with the carnal mind, which is enmity to God, let me urge such to remember that in the Angels' announcement "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," was included the promise of salvation from all sin. For this purpose the Son of Man was made manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil. Sin in thought, or sin in desire is just as much sin as the outward expression, which takes the form of what we regard as vulgar, gross carnality, such as drunkenness, gambling, uncleanness, etc. God's will is the sanctification of His people, and in the Gift of His Son He has made ample provision for the same.

Before closing, I cannot refrain from mentioning one more glorious promise contained in the Angels' announcement—that is the Promise of Heaven. How we delight to sing about Heaven, and think about our loved ones who have gone before and are already there! We take it for granted there is a Heaven, and one of the thoughts that charm us most is that we shall meet our loved ones face to face with each other, and parents will again see their children.

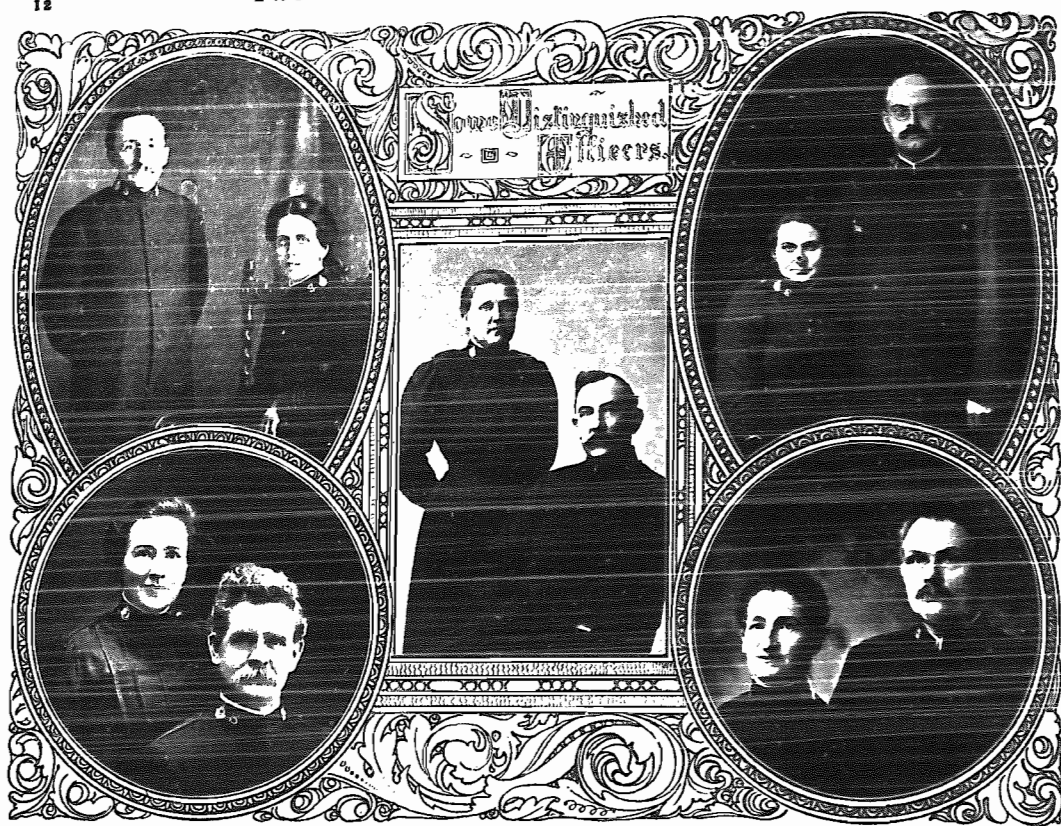
How sweet it is to think about that Christmas Morn and the lowly Manger in Bethlehem, when the Gates of Heaven were opened wide, and it was made possible for every soul who will confess and forsake sin, at the last to enter Heaven and reign with the Lord for ever and ever.

May God grant that not one who reads these lines may be left outside the Gates of the Eternal City, but that all may be gathered there, and rejoicing hear the Lord's "Well done."

OUR PICTORIAL SECTION



COMMISSIONER and MRS DEES

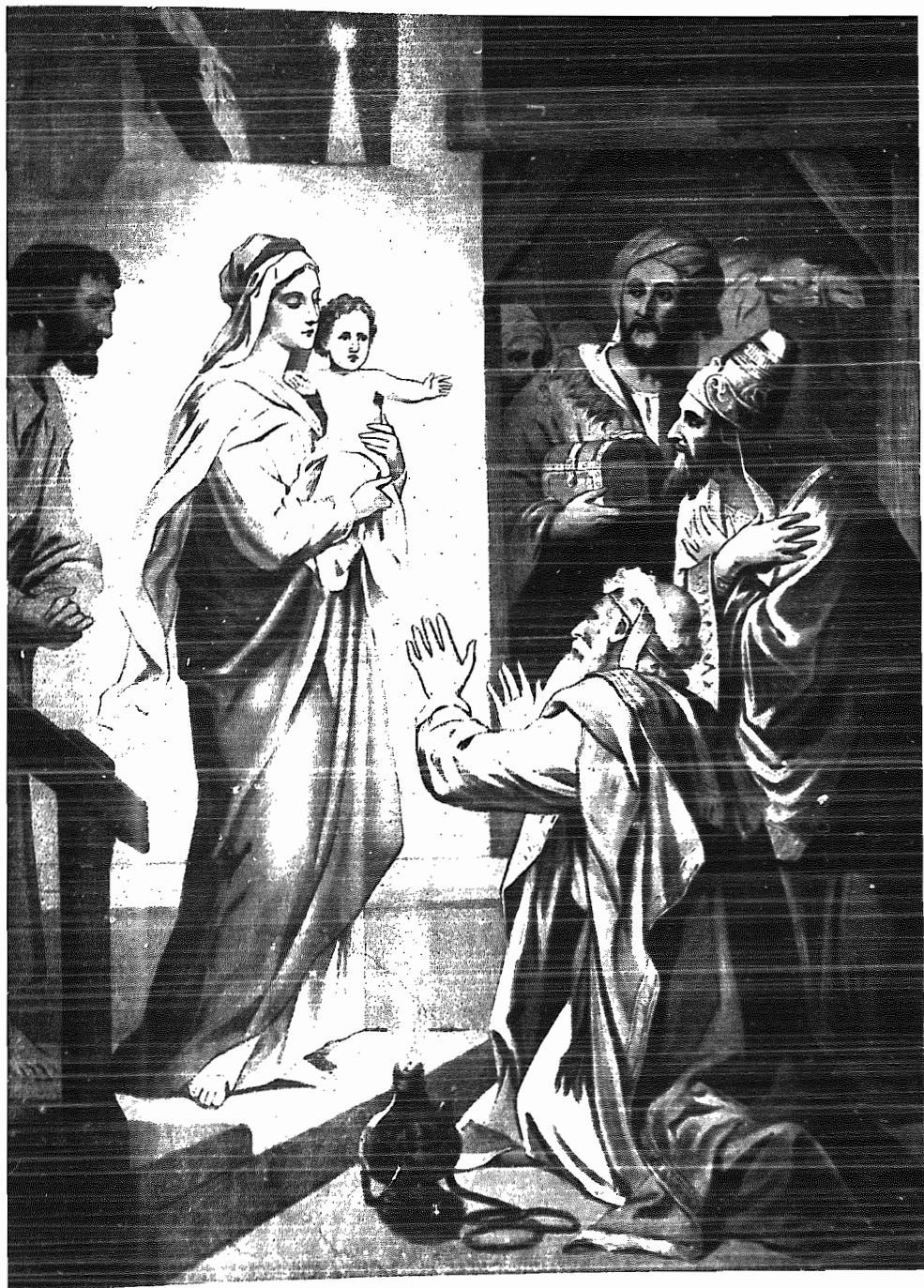


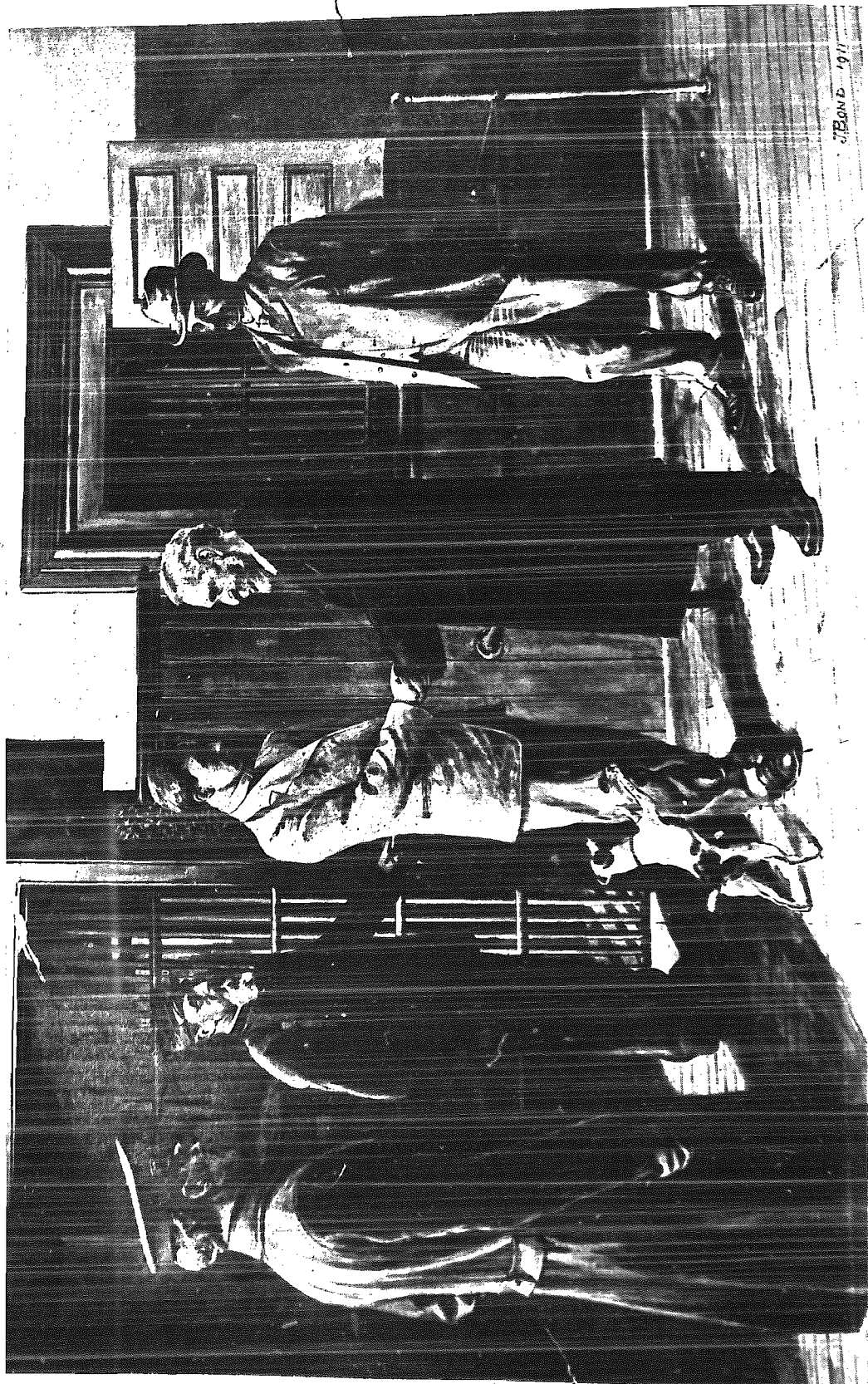
MAJOR and MRS. MOORE.
MAJOR and MRS. MCGILLIVRAY.

MAJOR and MRS. MILLER.

MAJOR and MRS. FINDLAY.
MAJOR and MRS. DAVID CREIGHTON.





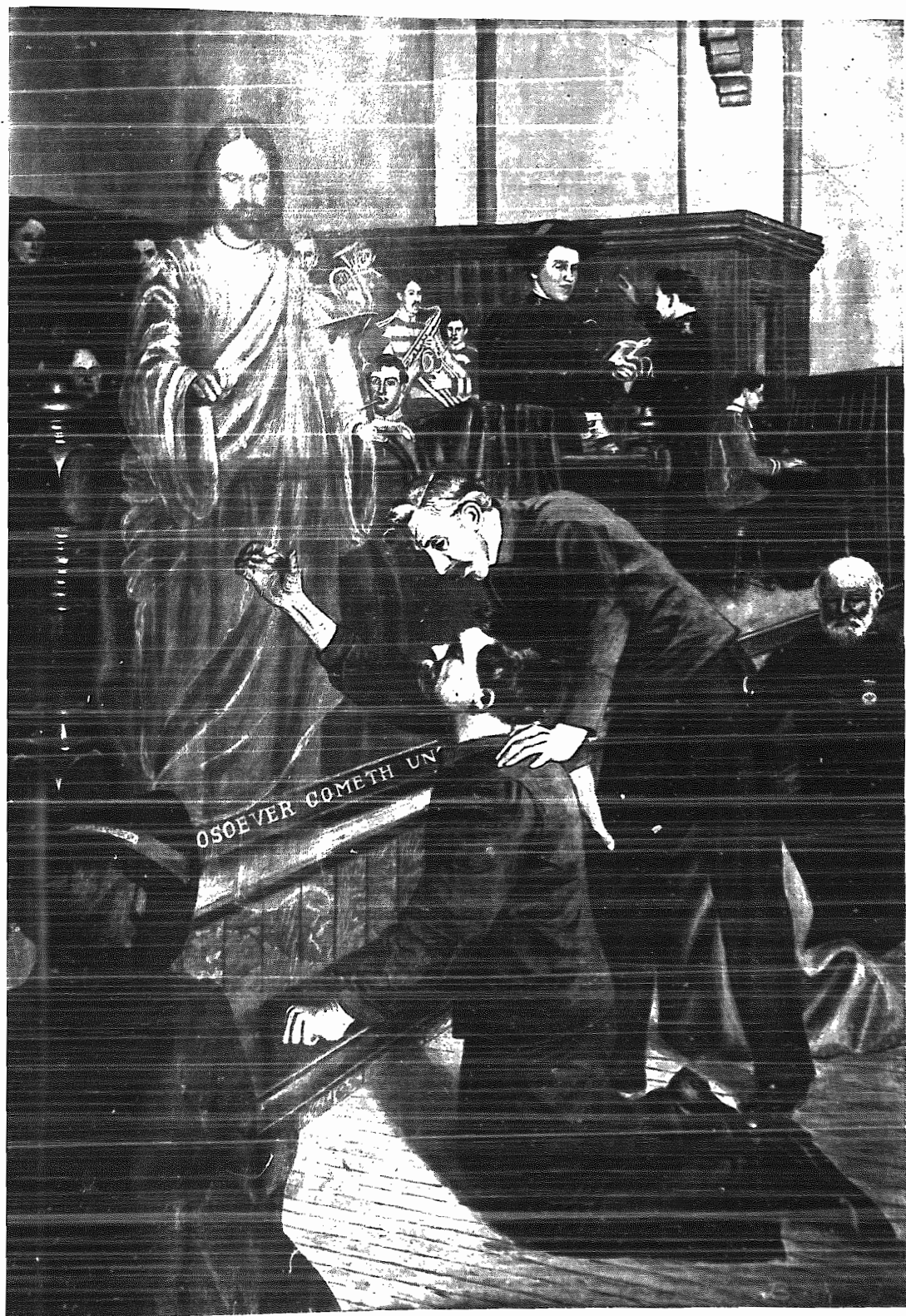


LONDON 1911

Our picture represents a very interesting phase of our work amongst discharged prisoners. A young man overtaken in wrongdoing, and afterwards magnificent in his reformation, is shown through the instrumentality of The Salvation Army, and the assistance of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a member of the Army.



"MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP."



GOD BE MERCIFUL TO

In Canada, during the past year, approximately 11,500 sinners of all kinds have knelt at The Army penitent forms for salvation.



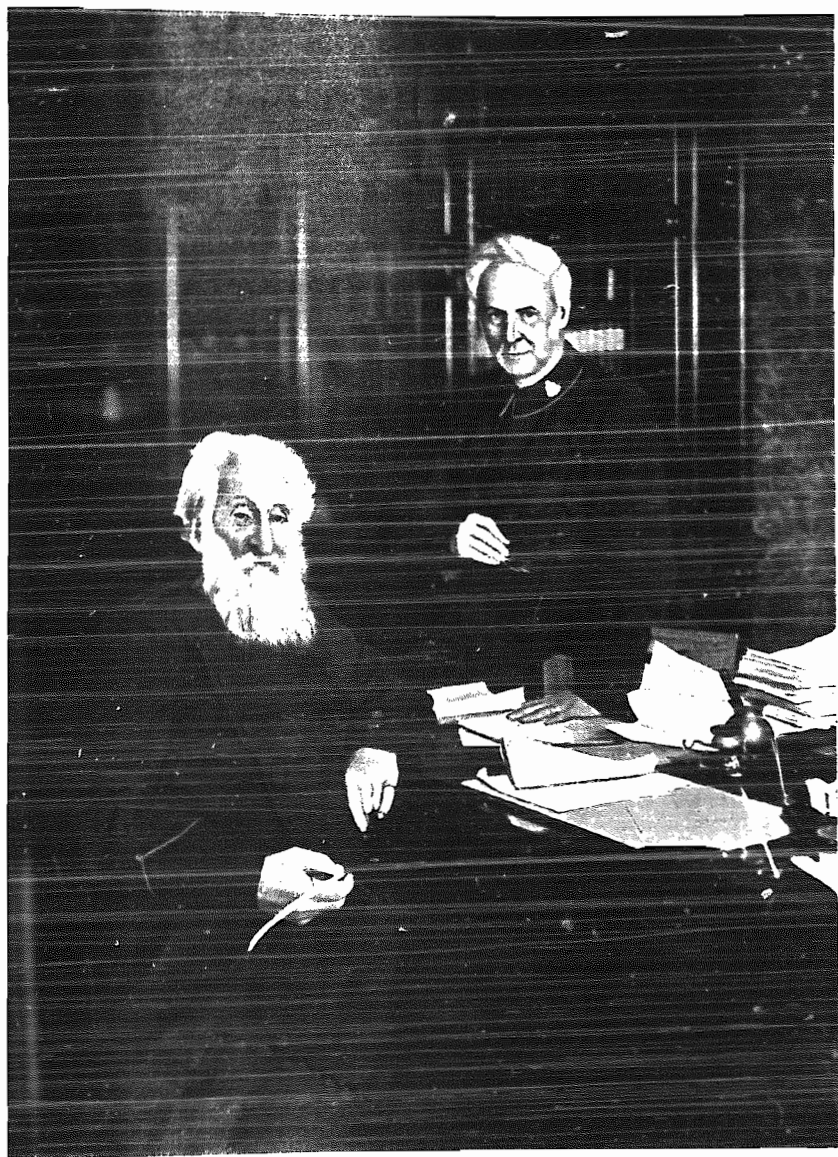
I.—In 1807 Simon Fraser was sent to explore the river which now bears his name, and in his canoe made the perilous descent of the foaming rapids of that river, accompanied by James Stuart, uncle of Lord Strathcona, and an Indian crew.

IV.—William Davidson, of Inverness, inaugurated the great lumber industry of New Brunswick, by undertaking to supply the King's Navy with masts from the virgin forests of Miramichi, about the year 1779.

III.—On November 7th, 1885, the Hon. Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, drove the last spike in the Empire's Greatest Railway—the Canadian Pacific—at Craigellachie, in British Columbia.

II.—The pacification of the Indians on the Western Prairies was successfully accomplished by Col. Maitland, of the Royal North West Mounted Police, in the year 1874. He treated with their chiefs, and won respect for the British flag by his fairness.

V.—Sir George Simpson, in 1828, made his famous visit of inspection of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts from York Factory on Hudson Bay to the Pacific. It occupied two days less than three months.



*The General of the Salvation Army
and the Chief of the Staff*

THE SECOND IN COMMAND.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY of a Territorial command of The Salvation Army, according to the Staff Regulations, "is best described as the second in authority." He certainly plays a very important part in the machinery by which such a complex organization as the work of the Army in a coun-



As Chairman of the Boards.

try is run, and is, perhaps, the chief force in the Executive. For while, generally speaking, the Commissioner's is the brain that conceives ideas and plans projects, and the Commissioner's is the personality that wins affectionate and loyal service to the cause, upon the Chief Secretary first, and the Heads of Departments and Divisional Commanders second, falls the task of reducing the conceptions of the Commissioner to workable schemes, to carry them to a successful finish. In all this executive work the Chief Secretary is the principal driving force, and in a large degree is held responsible for the success or failure of the work in the Territory.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something of the system by which The Salvation Army carries on its operations, involving a large annual expenditure of money and the employment of a great number of people in work that differs very materially in character.

To begin with, the administrative work is largely confined to two wings—the Heads of Departments at T. H. Q. and the Commanders of Divisions. The principal Headquarters Departments are the Field, Editorial, Finance, Trade, Immigration, Property, Young People's, Subscribers', Candidates', Men's Social Work, and Women's Social Work.

A Divisional Command is a section of the territory over which is placed a Chief Officer, who is the representative of the Territorial Headquarters for all branches of Field Work that may lie within his command. The Divisional Commander is also expected to interest himself in the social institutions, immigration operations, and prison work. To the Chief Secretary these Departmental Heads and Divisional Commanders turn for a declaration of the Territorial Commissioner's policy or an expression of his wishes.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing, however, that the Commissioner of a Territory is a being who sits in solitary state, unapproachable by any but the favored few. This is not the case by any means. The Salvation Army has been said to be an autocracy, but perhaps there is no organization that is really more democratic in its ideals and practices than the Army. For the expedition of business there are the

A brief glance at the duties and responsibilities of a Chief Secretary, which also reveals something of the administrative methods of The Salvation Army.

proper channels but no Officer or Soldier, who desires it asks for an interview with the Commissioner in vain. And should a Departmental Head or a Divisional Commander, having received instructions from the Chief Secretary, desire to know in a fuller degree the Commissioner's mind on the matter, or to see him personally upon any phase of his work, the door to the Commissioner's office is always open to him. But such is the confidence in the Second in Command, and such is the cheerful obedience of the Commissioner's wishes, that seldom or never are orders referred back to him—at least such is the case in connection with the administration of the Canadian territory.

The Army has sometimes been styled "a one-man concern," but it can only be so styled by prejudiced persons or those who know nothing of its interior workings. Take the Canadian wing of The Salvation Army as an example. It is, to begin with, an incorporated body. Its properties and kindred matters are dealt with by a Governing



A Conference with the Commissioner.

Council composed of the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, the Field, Property, and Financial Secretaries. Then the business of all the other departments is conducted by Boards. The Chief Secretary is the Vice-President of the Governing Council and Chairman of the Boards, but in connection with the latter the members of each Board, in the absence of the Chief Secretary, take the chair in rotation. It is the policy of Canada's Chief Secretary to give every responsible Officer great freedom of action in the performance of his duties, and should an Officer be the recipient of frequent questionings as to progress, it may be taken for granted that in the past that Officer has failed to establish confidence in his energy, or his capacity. Such people invariably feel that the eye of the Chief Secretary is ever upon them, and he is ever ready to impart stimulus or instruction. For the person of devotion and ability The Army is, as The General once aptly styled it, a "Mosaic democracy."

The Chief Secretary's office is a busy centre, and his day a very crowded one. By the way, his day frequently begins an hour earlier than the others, at Headquarters. The incessant demands made upon him by call-



Dictating to his stenographer.

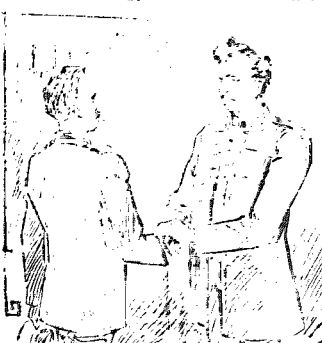
ers, and the telephone make the concentration of mind necessary for the dictating of important letters, or special conferences with Officers, a very difficult matter, hence the appearance of the C. S. at Headquarters at 8 a.m., instead of 9 a.m.

Coming early and going late brings the Chief Secretary into contact with some curious sides of human nature. Not very long ago a woman with a baby in her arms stood in considerable agitation of mind outside the Headquarters, and begged to have a few words with the Colonel. She then unfolded to him a strange story. According to her statement, a woman had asked her to hold a baby for a moment while she mailed a letter. The unsuspecting woman had taken the child, but the person never came back to claim it, so our friend was left with a strange baby in her arms. She wanted to know from the Chief Secretary, if the S.A. could take and care for it. The C. S., however, suggested that the proper course, under the circumstances, would be to take the child to the police station and endeavour to trace the mother. The woman's consternation was apparently so great that the C. S. was moved by it, and offered to go with the woman to the City Hall. But the moment police was mentioned, the woman begged to be excused; she had no desire to meet the police, and hurried away. The fact was, the child she had was her own and she had adopted this stratagem to free herself from her maternal responsibilities, and get The Army to take the child.

But not all whom the C. S. meets with in this way are imposters. Many very real cases of hardship and distress have had their suffering mitigated by the Colonel's kindness of heart and the resources of The Salvation Army.

But The Chief Secretary not only assists The Commissioner in the general oversight

government and directions of all the forces and operations under his command, but the Departmental Headquarters are under his direct control, and he is especially responsible for the appointments and well-being of the Staff Officers. It will thus be seen that the qualifications of a Chief Secretary call for business and executive ability of a high order, but in addition to all this he has to take a large share in leading public meetings and must be what is known in The Salva-



A hearty God bless you.



Solving a stiff problem.

tion Army as a "public man." Then there are the qualifications of the heart and soul that a Salvation Army Chief Secretary must possess if he would successfully fulfill all the obligations that his high calling cause to devolve upon him, and we are all happy to say that these qualities of heart, mind and soul the Chief Secretary for Canada possesses in a marked degree.

Colonel Mapp is still amongst us. From Prince Rupert to Toronto and from Newfoundland to Vancouver, his splendid physique is familiar to us all, his vibrant voice is heard by us, and his kindly, genial soul continues to thrill us. What need then to write about him? May he long continue to occupy the post he so ably fills.

PERSONAL SKETCHES



OF SOME

OLD COMRADES.

MAJOR and MRS. MILLER.

MAJOR GIDEON MILLER entered the work from Paris, Ont., 25 years ago. As a Cadet he did good service at Gananoque, Newburg, and Cobourg. On promotion to Lieutenant he was sent to Belleville. In 1887 he was further promoted to Captain and sent to take charge of Trenton. His reception at this place was far from encouraging. As he stepped off the train a man shouted out, "Satan appeared also!" At the Officers' Quarters he found all the windows smashed. The Hall had been treated in a similar manner. He went to work, however, to fix things up, and though at first he was mobbed on the streets, he stuck to the fight and had the satisfaction at last of seeing the tide turn in his favour. A good work was thereafter carried on, and many bad characters got converted.

At Forest there were difficulties of another sort to be encountered, but after a week of prayer and self-denial a blessed revival broke out, and many souls were saved. Altogether the Major officered twelve Corps, whilst he was a Captain. When stationed at London, Ont., he married Captain Bella Stubbs, an officer who came out of Walkerton, and successfully commanded several Corps. They were sent to Windsor, Ont., and from there they went to Guelph, with the rank of Ensign, and with a District to supervise as well as a Corps. Several District Commands in Ontario followed. In 1890 came promotion to Adjutant, and then they were transferred to the Eastern Province. After terms of service at Moncton, Sydney, and Yarmouth, they were sent to Bermuda. Long years of arduous toil in the Army having somewhat affected their health, they were granted a furlough on returning to Canada.

The Major improved the shining hour by taking up a course of study in architecture. He was thus enabled a year or so later to accept an appointment in the Property Department as Building Superintendent. For the last nine years he has been at T. H. Q., and some of the finest buildings that the Army possesses in Canada have been erected according to his plans. He was promoted to Staff-Captain in 1902, and to Major in 1908.

MAJOR and MRS. MOORE.

MAJOR DAVID MOORE entered the Field from Clinton, Ont., in 1880. He spent his Cadet days at Goderich. On being promoted to Captain's rank he was sent in charge of Teeswater. Seven other Ontario Corps he commanded, and then he was appointed J. S. Secretary for the Central Ontario Province with Headquarters at Woodstock. Another secretarial appointment resulted in his transfer to Ottawa.

In 1893 he was promoted to Ensign and became District Officer at Belleville. Ten other District Commands followed—all of them in Ontario; then came his marriage to Ensign Ottaway at Ottawa. This event tempted the newspaper men to make a queer play upon words, and the next morning the residents of the city were surprised to see a bold headline to the effect that "Ottaway Was No Moore."

Mrs. Moore is a native of the town of Barrie. She was converted in the year 1888 when Captain (now Colonel) Addie was in charge of the Corps. Accepted for Officer'ship shortly afterwards, she was trained at Yorkville, and then sent as a Lieutenant to Essex.

More Corps work followed, and then came promotion to Ensign and the oversight of Petrolia District, Guelph next, and then she went to Winnipeg as a Financial Special. In little less than a year she succeeded, in conjunction with two other Comrades, in raising over \$8,000.00 for a new Citadel.

After her marriage she accompanied her husband to Kingston, where they had charge of the Corps and District. Then came Peterborough at which place they stayed nearly two years. When they farewelled the Corps arranged a grand send off demonstration and the Band played them to the station at midnight, and waited nearly an hour for the train on a bitter winter's night.

That was nine years ago. Major and Mrs. Moore have been in Montreal ever since. For a time the Major was Chancellor of the East Ontario Province, and then he was appointed Financial Representative, which position he fills at the present time.

MAJOR and MRS. FINDLAY.

MAJOR FINDLAY is a Scotchman by birth, his native town being Glasgow. Early in life, however, he went to London and was converted at the Regent Hall Corps while still a boy.



The Chief Secretary prays with a comrade

His career as an Officer has been chiefly confined to International Headquarters, where he was first Secretary to our present Commissioner, and then to Commissioner Bay. He was then transferred to the Department which has the arranging of the General's tours. Later, he became Divisional Officer for Norwich, removing thence to Cardiff. This appointment was followed by the Chancellorship of the Training College Province. In November, 1903, he was married to Adjutant Ivison, an officer of the British Field. Mrs. Major Findlay was converted at Carlisle, where she went to the men's camp with 87 others. For seven years she served faithfully as a Soldier.

The farewell of a party of Officers for India made a great impression on her, and she began to wonder whether she ought not to become an Officer. The impression deepened to a conviction, but still she hesitated. One day, in a Holmes' Meeting, she breathed an earnest prayer to God for guidance. She was very conscious of her shortcomings and weaknesses, and the difficulties in her path seemed insurmountable, but she felt that the time had come for her to make a definite decision. She resolved to unquestioningly obey the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and as her comrades were singing "Thou Art Enough for Me," she publicly consecrated her life to God as an Officer of The Salvation Army. From that hour her difficulties gradually melted away, and in due course she entered the Training Home. She was strik-

ingly successful as a Field Officer, and commanded such well known Corps as Scarborough, Brighton, Hull, Sunderland, and Ilkley. Whether in the Provinces, in London, or on the Training Home Staff, God set his seal on her labours, and she won many souls to Christ.

Major and Mrs. Findlay arrived in Canada in the Fall of 1909, the Major being appointed Private Secretary to the Commissioner at T. H. Q., and Mrs. Findlay having the oversight of the Rosedale Lodge for domestics.

MAJOR and MRS. CREIGHTON.

MAJOR DAVID CREIGHTON has been an Officer of The Salvation Army since 1885. In the Fall of that year he left his native village of Waterford, N.B., and proceeded to St. John, where he assisted the Officer in charge of that Corps, and gained his first experiences of Field Work. He became a Captain and had charge of several Corps where revivals broke out.

Woodstock, Ont., St. Thomas, and Kingston were other places where similar revivals occurred. At the latter town the Major had the unpleasant experience of being locked up for preaching on the street. Belleville and Lippincott were his next two Corps. Then, after a furlough at home, he was sent to Yarmouth, N.S., and from there to New Glasgow and Montreal. From the latter place he farewelled to proceed to Woodstock, Ont., for the purpose of getting married to Lieut. Dixon. His wife had joined the Army in 1883, and became an Officer after several years' service at her home Corps of Woodstock, during which time she held various Local Officer's position. She was trained at Yorkville in 1891, and was stationed at Drayton, Tilburg, and Strathroy. Throughout her married life Mrs. Creighton has ever been an active helper to her husband, sharing with him the responsibilities of Corps and District work, as well as bringing up their family of five children.

On promotion to Staff-Captain he was appointed to the Chancellorship of the East Ontario Province. Later he was appointed to the Immigration Department and in this connection did some pioneer work in the Maritime Provinces and New Ontario, besides making four trips to the Old Country. In promotion to Major he was appointed to T. H. Q., where at the present time he is assistant to the Immigration Secretary.

MAJOR and MRS. MCGILLIVRAY.

MAJOR JOHN MCGILLIVRAY became an Officer in 1886, coming out of Milton, Ont. His Cadet days were spent at Stouffville and St. Catharines. In the following year he was promoted to Lieutenant and sent to Welland. Soon after he was further promoted, and as a Captain, sent in charge of Parkhill. In 1889 he became a scribe at the Hamilton Divisional Headquarters, and in the following year he was transferred to London, Ont., in a similar capacity. Returning to the Field he was stationed at Montreal and Ottawa. In 1893 he was promoted Ensign and appointed District Officer for Barrie. Similar appointments followed at Kingston and Peterboro. Then came a period of service with the Naval Brigade, which had been formed to travel on the Great Lakes and conduct meetings at various centres. During this time he was promoted Adjutant. More District work followed, and he was stationed successively at St. John, New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, Halifax, Fredericton, Brandon and London. After this long period of service in the Field he was appointed Chancellor of Newfoundland and promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain. In 1905 he was appointed Immigration Representative for the West Ontario Province, with Headquarters at London.

Later on he was transferred to Ottawa on similar work. Promoted Major in 1908 he was given the St. John Divisional Command, which was followed by another appointment as Immigration Representative at London. Mrs. McGillivray was formerly Captain Graham; she has been an active helper of her husband in all his appointments. They have four children.

A Degenerate Regenerated

A LONDON
SLUM STORY.



"Pare, fat and forty."

public house. The latter is the inevitable resort when money holds out.

With seven children and a husband to look after, and no servant, one wonders how Mrs. Walters can find so much time for gossip; but the fact is, she has brought her domestic requirements down to the "irreducible minimum." During the week, the preparation of food principally consists of plastering margarine or cheap jam on thick slices of bread, or cooking "baldy kippers," which have been picked up cheap. Note the subtle wording of the fishmonger: "baldy," being used to denote the high odour of stale herrings. On Sunday, food—being equal to it, the whole family dines luxuriously on roast pork and baked potatoes. Mrs. Walters here saves herself much work by having the dinner cooked at a bake-house.

Mrs. Walters, like her husband, invariably spends her evenings in the public-house. When the weather is wet and cold, she takes the younger children with her. The older girls and boys of the family find their poor sires in their own way, the boys in floor-gate pranks, and the girls in unprofitable street-gadding.

Mrs. Walters uses swear-words freely. "Blas't the man!" she cried, when spoken to by an individual for bringing three children into the tap-room, where they lay about sleeping, for the time was past eleven. "Blas't the man! Wot yer flink I'm a-goin' ter leave yer kids out in the wet, when I'm in a comfible pub not art? I'm not a muxver wot'll neglect 'er youngsters, and don't yer flink it! Wot's good for me is good for yer kids, an' as long as I can pay for a pot o' beer, they shall 'ave a drink."

The probabilities are that drink, as an evil, to be avoided never occurred to Mrs. Walters; neither that the children would be better off in their beds than in an atmosphere laden with tobacco-smoke, drink-fumes, and vile language. She brings up her off-bring as she herself was brought up.

Not but what Mrs. Walters has suffered enough in consequence of the drink to hate it.



Mrs. Walters is naturally a good-humoured soul; when she has drunk a little she becomes effusively jolly, but when intoxicated she is overbearing and quarrelsome.

Once Angel Court witnessed a sight to make angels weep, although devils, and the demizens of the court, looked on and laughed. Mrs. Walters was one day intoxicated, and told foul of a whilom adversary, a woman, who was very spare and wore long fringe for volubility of vitriolic speech. Mrs. Walters was no match for the spare woman. Mrs. Walters' strength lay in her facial formation, a pendulous double chin, a nose inclined to turn upward, and a large but mobile mouth enabled her to express the most withering contempt without uttering a word. As she herself put it, she "could swiver 'em wiv a look."

Never did the double chin, the celestial nose, and the mobile mouth express more supreme disdain than they did on this occasion. The contempt was also heightened by a jet-tipped, fat forefinger of scorn directed at the fringed opponent, but the spare one was unshaken, and the flow of abusive epithets unchecked. Surprised, but not cast down, Mrs. Walters resolved to try the virtues of a podge fist. She went for her foot, but although weight was undeniably on her side, agility was not. She lacked the elusiveness of her angular adversary.

The families of the two women were equal in point of numbers, and no sooner did they behold their mothers engaged in fist-fight than the conflict became general.

Now, one of the weaknesses of Mrs. Walters was that of being untidy about the feet. Slope-head and careless, her boots made her foothold very precarious, to say nothing of her unstable condition owing to drink. This led to her undoing, for on making a supreme effort to "surround" her mobile foe she fell, and without any attempt on her part to be free, "great was the fall," for she was a heavy woman. Mrs. Walters at

LOOK at 'im! Wot a little boosier! At these words, spoken in a tone of approval, little four-year-old Tommy Walters, whose face was hidden in a pewter-pot, held his breath, and with renewed vigour swallowed "four-ale" until nature could no longer sustain the prodigious effort; then, blowing like a young grampus, Tommy withdrew his lips from the pewter, and looked around with grinning expectancy for plaudits on his performance. He was not disappointed. From his mother, and several other slum matrons, who sat in the tap-room of the "Blue Boar," Whitehorse Road, Walworth, came laughter and coarse compliments.

"Scuse me, if I ain't agorn and swiped the bot!" said his mother, Mrs. Walters, as she shut one eye and peered into the depths of the pewter with the other. "There ain't enuff left fer drann a cow wiv." But pride at the exploit of her promising offspring pervaded her expansive countenance, so she absorbed what little remained, and then ordered the barman to refill the pot. "An' put a 'ead on it."

This is Mrs. Walters; she lives at No. 6 Angel Alley, Walworth, and, as she is a type of thousands of slum wives and mothers, she is worth a brief study. Given a good washing, she might be aptly described as being fair, fat and forty. She can lay undoubted claim to the latter attributes, but much grime renders her complexion somewhat doubtful. Her top-shaped bonnet—a style of head-gear much affected by slum matrons—is perched far back on her head; the apron she wears can claim only a remote acquaintance with the wash-tub; with her arms stuck akimbo, her shawl fall from her shoulders like a Roman toga; she makes an imposing figure.

As she would say, she is "muxver of sixin 'n' all a blowin' an' a-growin'." Her husband is a labourer, who when in full work, earns three-and-twenty shillings a week.

No. 6 Angel Alley is a house five stories high, each room being over the other like the rungs of a ladder. Mr. and Mrs. Walters, with their "sixin kids," occupy the basement and the ground-floor, for which rooms they pay four shillings a week. To nightly lay out nine persons in these two rooms would tax the domestic ingenuity of Mrs. Traddles; still, Mrs. Walters does it somehow.

A slum dwelling is not the place to spend a happy day. There is little of the "Home, Sweet Home" sentiment in the slums. Home in slumdom may be defined as a place in which to eat and sleep. When Mr. Walters finishes his day's work he comes home to supper, then seeks his comfort at the pub.

While the bigger children are working at the factory, and the little ones are at the Board School, Mrs. Walters either sits on the stairs, or on the doorstep, and gossips with her neighbours, or else repairs to the



"Wot a little boosier a 'ead on 'em."

tempted in vain to rise and renew the fray; one of her legs refused its usual office and was broken!

In her way, Mrs. Walters was a kind-hearted woman and believed suffering means would permit, hence she had great sympathy with those who did likewise. When the Slum officers visited Angel Alley, Mrs. Walters was very curious to know what they did she made inquiries. First, by her inquiries had satisfactory results for the Slum Officers, as shortly afterwards a crowd of boys on a King if she knew anything about the "salvation gels," received the following pleasantly characteristic reply:

"Yus," said Mrs. Walters, "I know 'em, knows 'em well. W.V., was-n't they Slum Officers wot found ole Jones wot 'ad 'em dahn in a fit, sh' would ha' 'ad 'em 'ere Salvation gels 'adn't a-mused 'em an' provided 'em wiv grub an' little things, an' washed 'em. In course they was. An' didn't they get 'im, too, to the hinfumery?"

"Yus, I knows 'em an' likes 'em! An' swelp me hob, if I 'ears any kids 'ere!"

"Yus, I give them kids wot for, and no more!"

Mrs. Walters was destined to have a much closer acquaintance with the Slum Officers.

We have said that Mrs. Walters had suffered much through drink. She had, in this way, Walters, the husband, as well as his wife, was very quarrelsome when in his cups; also a hard-hitter. Not once, nor twice, but many times did the Walters' children fly into the court, while screams and oaths told of squalid brutalities perpetrated within the wretched home. After such times, Mrs. Walters went about for several days with blackened eyes or badly bruised cheeks.

Mrs. Walters was not what one might call a thoroughly domesticated person. She had grown wild in a court full old enough to work in a factory, and in a factory she worked till she was married and the family had become numerous. It is not surprising, therefore, to know that she was not a very mother nor a careful wife. She was, in fact, the opposite, as the people at the pawnshop very well knew. Nearly everything she possessed had been pawned in "raise the wind" at one time or another. The last thing she had pawned was Mr. Walters' best coat. She had often pledged it before, when she got short in the middle of the week, but this week it was especially unfortunate. Walters had been out of work for the whole week, and on Saturday afternoon, the usual thirst coming upon him, he being penniless, resolved to pawn his Sunday suit and have a customary drink, trusting, like Mr. McWhorter, for "something to keep up" next week.

If being out of work had caused a shortness in Mr. Walters' purse, it had also the same results in the case of his wife, and she had, earlier in the week, found the pinch of poverty grip so tightly that she had pined the coal, and had been unable to get it out again.

In any case, that a storm followed this discovery by Mr. Walters is all too true. It was a howling tempest, and it did, the pined and hasty wife was hurled as violently as her portly form would admit through the doorway into the court, and there died of murder and sudden death if she ever came there again.

To do a man out of his Saturday night's house was an act that merited the utmost

rigour of an enraged brute.

Brutised and sorrowful, Mrs. Walters wandered aimlessly through the night, and then as day was breaking, overcome with weariness, sank down on a doorstep and fell asleep.

PART II.—MRS. WALTERS—REGENERATE

How long Mrs. Walters slept on the doorstep she could not tell, but it was broad daylight when she was awakened by someone tapping her on the shoulder.

At first, she thought it was a policeman; but on rubbing her eyes, she found herself looking into the kindly face of a Slum Salvationist, who was on her way to the Sunday morning door drill. She asked Mrs. Walters to accompany her. Poor Mrs. Walters, knowing nothing but good of the "Harmy gels," was glad to do so.

The little Slum prayer meeting was the first religious meeting that Mrs. Walters had attended for more years than she could remember.

The hearty singing and earnest praying produced a great impression upon the poor, miserable woman, and when the Captain came and talked to her personally about her sins and sorrows, and how ready the good Lord was to wipe away her tears and change

to take her into her own house.

But her children lay heavy on the mother's heart. What was little Tommy doing, and Liza the baby? So, leaving the consequences of her daring, the mother set out for her slum home. She washed the children and sent them to school; then she cleaned the house more thoroughly than ever it had been before, and prepared some supper for her husband against his return, taking good care, however, to leave the house before his arrival.

She did this for a whole month, during which time the stern man's heart was undergoing a softening process.

One day he called little Tommy to him, and said, "Will yer muvver be 'ere to-day, sonny?"

"Bavver! She comes ev'ry dy." Why doesn't she stay 'ere allus, daddy?"

"Do yer link she'd like ter be at 'ome allus, boy?"

"Oh, crikey, yes! She cried when she kissed me and went aw'y last night."

"I s'y, old dad, don't the 'ouse look nice nah, eh? Muvver's allus a-washin' and cleanin'!"

"Well, look 'ere, kiddy, you tell yer muvver to wait till I comes 'ome fer-night. I wants ter see 'er, and don't yer forget it!"

Tommy duly told his mother, and in consequence, she sang salvation songs all day. Perhaps her husband was going to take her back again, she thought. The Lord was about to answer her prayers. Again she burst into song to express her gratitude to God.

"When the evenin' comes," says Mrs. Walters, "my heart kep' a-fittin' an' a-flutterin' nah up in my mouth, and then dahn in my boots. I felt sum mad like a gel goin' fer meetin' sweet, 'part, and a gel wot's gone ter git a 'ekin' from her muvver. I love and fear all mixed bup togevoor."

"At last I 'eard 'er stop along the alley, and then in 'e time."

"E giv me a look wot I couldn't make out link 'ab ov, 'Tommy, 'e sez as 'ow you wanted ter see me' sez I."

"I did," sez 'e, 'cos it seems as if yer don't want ter see me 'allus a-runnin' aw'y afore I gits 'ome'!"

"Well, 'Bill," sez I, "if yer wants me ter stop, I'll be glad ter do so, and be a good wife to yer, and look wot after the kids." Wix that he ter knocks me by hopenin' 'is 'arms an' cryin' 'ab!"

"'Ria, I'm nah spobber; couldn't I do it on my 'ead; but what I s'y, in the words of the pote, 'is the gospel truth. I means if an' no kiddin'." Wix that 'e chucks a hatfull, and wix a voice wot's a bookie on a race-course, sings, 'adnakin' and pointin' at me."

"She's just about the sweetest, purtiest and neatest."

"Dinner in the wide, wide world."

"An' after that we kissed, and 'twas all right again."

We will conclude this sketch by saying that a few months afterwards Mr. Walters was led to give his heart to God in the Slum barracks, and the children have all become Junior Soldiers, except two of the bigger ones. Mrs. Walters says that she has great hopes for their salvation.

They are still living in Angel Alley, because how e-vent is a dear and houses are so scarce; but as they do not spend their money in beer, they can afford to rent another room. The family group has just been photo-



The contempt was also heightened by a few pointed fat fore-fingers of scorn directed at the disgraced opponent.

her heart, poor Mrs. Walters was quite overcome, and going out to the penitent-form with the simplicity and faith of a little child, asked God to pardon the past, and to help her to be good in the future.

God heard and answered her prayer. Mrs. Walters arose from that bench filled with new desires, a determination to please God in all things, also to do her very best to make her husband and children comfortable. She was indeed "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

Mrs. Walters, as a degenerate, was a good type of her class. As a Salvationist, she is an example of the marvellous change that can be effected in the human heart by the power of God, a Divine Regeneration as will be shown in the following:

The Officers took Mrs. Walters to their quarters and gave her a breakfast and some spiritual counsel.

Her husband's dreadful threat still rang in her ears, she was afraid to go home; so the Captain went to see the husband, who was still unreasonable at being done out of his beer, and threatened to do for the wife if ever she came back again.

Mrs. Walters spent the day with the Slum Officers and attended each meeting. This day she declares to have been the happiest of her whole previous existence.

Her husband, confining odourate, Mrs. Walters found herself without a home. But a kindly Soldier came forward and offered



"He was working in the woods when conviction seized him."

(Continued from Page 8.)

went home rejoicing, to tell her relatives and friends of the wondrous change God had wrought. Her father's prayers were answered.

Jennie's new-found faith was a source of much consolation to her during the trying period that followed her conversion, when day after day went by and still no news came of her husband or her father. She prayed much and earnestly, and her comrades of the Corps united in prayer with her for the safety of her loved ones. Truly does the fisherman's wife know the full meaning of the poet's words, "Men must work and women must weep, while the harbour bar is moaning."

Another six weeks went by, and it began to be whispered around the outport that Jim Long and his father-in-law must have lost their lives in the ice. If they had been wrecked and had managed to escape safely to shore, it was argued, they would surely have sent a telegram to their friends ere this. So it became the generally accepted opinion that the two men would return to their home no more, and they were mourned as dead by the whole of the outport's inhabitants.

It is Sunday afternoon once more—a bright, sunny day this time. The meeting at the Army Hall is about half through. Brother Long (Jim's father) has just

arisen to his feet to testify. He glances out of the window across the calm waters for a moment. Then he gives a startled cry and dashes out of the building. The rest of the congregation follow to see what is the matter. The old man is pointing seaward. "There—there she is," he exclaims, "coming round the headland—my boy's schooner—I'd know it among a thousand."

The news quickly flies round the outport, and soon everybody is rushing down to the wharf to welcome the long lost sealer.

"Thank God they're to him," cries old Mr. Long, "God has answered our prayers and brought them back as it were from the dead."

What a lot there was for Jim to tell that night as he sat by his wife's side in the midst of a happy circle of relatives and friends.

"We were out two months and a half," he said, "and took nary a seal. Then we got caught in the ice, and a big gale from the northwest struck us. Two weeks was we smashin' up and down in the ice with all our boats gone and our bulwarks stove in. We none of us ever thought we'd see him again. At last, however, we got her nose to the gale and after lyin' to for a few days the gale rounded, and we managed to reach the near-



"There—there she is," he exclaims."

est pint o' land, half full o' water. My, then last few days was cruel—no sleep for any of us and hard work at the pumps all the time. What was worse—still, however, we found ourselves on a part of the coast where we had no chance whatever of getting a message through and we knew all the time that folks would be worrying about us. It took us five days to get things fixed up, and then we made a quick run for him, and here we are, with nary a white coat for all our trouble."

"Never mind, Jim," said Jennie cheerily. "Thank God you escaped with your life."

Then she told him what had happened since he had been away—how she had got converted and joined The Salvation Army.

"That's right, girl," said Jim. "It's best to be religious. I'll come to meeting with you next Sunday."

Jim went, heard his wife pray for him, got deeply convicted, and before the day closed he also had made his peace with God.

In spite of his terrible experiences, he went to the ice for many years after that and had considerable success. God blessed him with several children whom he and his wife are training up to be good Salvation Army soldiers. And one of the bedtime stories they like the most is about Daddy's memorable trip to the ice and how God answered prayer in delivering him from great peril and bringing him back safe to Mamma.



"During the long winter evenings they would all gather together for a social chat."

PRAYING LEAGUE.

Pray that the poor and needy may have a happy Christmas, and that the sorrowful may be comforted by Divine consolation.

SUNDAY, Dec. 24th. Encircled by God, Psalm xxiv: 1-6; xv: 1-6.

MONDAY, Dec. 25th. Don't Build Alone, Psalm cxxxvii: 1-5; cxxxviii: 1-8.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26th. Sing As You Go, Psalm cxxxv: 1-3; cxxxvii: 1-6; cxxxviii: 1-8.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27th. Searcher of Hearts, Psalm cxxxix: 1-24.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28th. Not Dark in the Lord, Psalm cxlii: 1-7.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29th. The Glory of the Lord, Psalm cxlv: 1-21.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30th. Kindness of the Lord, Psalm cxlvi: 1-10; cxlvii: 1-11.

"THE SAME JESUS."

(By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.)

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who . . . is set down at the right hand of God."

The following incidents will bring encouragement to our Prayer League Circle ever to remember our motto: "Pray without ceasing." At least this is my desire in passing on a little personal reminiscence, with my warmest Christmas greeting and good wishes for each one who reads this note at the festive time.

Some years ago I had the privilege of sharing in the provincial command of the

Western Province. The Women's Rescue Work in Winnipeg, Man., had been in operation for a short time, but the little cottage was inadequate to the demands and the dear Officers were much hampered for want of room. Houses were scarce, rents were high. Nevertheless an attempt was made to obtain larger premises. House agents were visited, and the matron and the writer walked for many days in what proved a fruitless search. At last we found an empty house. In comparison with the tiny cottage we occupied it seemed spacious and roomy. We entered, found it commodious. Especially were we impressed with one large sunny room. "Our day nursery" we exclaimed. "How delightful for our poor little ones." The tears ran down our cheeks. We were sure this room must become ours. We knelt in it to pray. But alas! for our hopes, the agent, when found, informed us the house was not to be rented; it must be sold. We could not raise the necessary funds to buy, so we went sadly away and perished. We returned in a day or two, and finally the agent consented to lease the house, but at terms far beyond our means. For we had not then succeeded in obtaining civic and government grants. Again we were disappointed. Again we prayed earnestly. Finally to our delight, we leased the house for a term of years. Its bright rooms soon rang with the voices of happy children and prayer. Hundreds of dear unfortunate ones were saved, the house was purchased, and grants to the work were made by the city and government. The growing needs of the work, however, made this home quite inadequate and the magnificent Grace Hospital rose to meet them. But that little group of

pioneer Officers and that first prayer meeting in the empty house will ever be a sweet memory and a blessed assurance that He does answer prayer.

A large new home had been secured and was in readiness for the formal opening, when the present writer arrived in the early morning at the busy City of Montreal. The Matron (Adj. now Staff Cap. Holman) and myself were having a cup of tea, while questions and answers as to progress were being eagerly exchanged. Concerning the financial side, I said: "I have been praying that we might open the home to-day free of debt."

"Yes," replied the Adjutant, "and so have I and my Officers also, and I am glad to say everything is paid for except some alterations and improvements which cost fifty dollars, and I believe we shall have that before the opening."

Just then the early postman's knock sounded through the hall.

"Just one letter," announced a young Officer, as she brought it and laid it upon the table. It was addressed to "The Salvation Army," so the matron passed it to me to open. Imagine our pleasure when we found that the envelope contained fifty dollars, and a scrap of paper upon which were inscribed the simple words, "For Jesus' sake."

It was a sweet answer to prayer, and when it was announced at the opening service that we began our work in the splendid new home quite free of debt the many influential friends present were much delighted, and responded liberally towards future maintenance. And as a reminder of God's great goodness the writer keeps the envelope and paper amongst her treasures.

Will You Be One of Our Friends?



It has been said that the Twentieth Century belongs to Canada—undoubtedly it does. The influx of tens of thousands of people each year from all parts of the globe, well supports that contention. The Salvation Army in its various branches, designed to meet many needs, has kept pace with this increase of population and the progress made has been very gratifying indeed.

It is especially cheering to note the marked change in the attitude of the men of influence who have made a closer study of the efforts of The Salvation Army, especially the Dominion, and Provincial Governments, also the Civic Authorities who recognize in The Army a valuable agency, not only in its important religious work, but in all kinds of perplexing, and ever-increasing social problems.

We have pleasure in quoting here a few expressions of appreciation from prominent gentlemen

His Excellency EARL GREY, former Governor-General of Canada:

"There are many Canadian homes better and happier for the work of General Booth.

Sir JAMES P. WHITNEY, Premier of Ontario:

"The results of The Army have commended themselves to me, and by the results I am satisfied."

Sir EDWARD MORRIS, Premier of Newfoundland:

"Your work is the very best investment of all the powers you possess. It puts money into a Bank that will never fail."

N. W. ROWELL, K.C., Chairman Layman's Missionary Movement:

"We welcome the hearty and sympathetic co-operation of The Army as one of the most influential factors in Canada."

Dr. WILBUR CHAPMAN, the great Evangelist:

"I believe in your work so thoroughly, I have studied it in all parts of the world, and stand ready, because of what I have seen, to do for you and your cause, everything in my power. I wish I could persuade people of means to aid you financially; they could make no better investment."

We are greatly indebted to our numerous friends, for the ready and willing response made to our financial appeals in the past, but we find ourselves obliged to put it on record that the present barrier to a quicker onward march is the lack of the necessary funds to enable us to prosecute the various schemes we have in hand. **WILL YOU HELP?**

Let none refrain from associating themselves with us as our Friends—even if the amount they are prepared to give be small, it will help.

You can assist by remembering us when you make your will.

In addition to cash subscriptions and bequests, all kinds of property, without exception, can, under the Act of Incorporation, be legally bequeathed for charitable, or other purposes, to The Salvation Army.

The following form of legacy is recommended:

I of make this my
(Here give full Name) (Place of Residence)
 last Will. I give, devise, and bequeath (here state whether cash or property, and if the latter, give full particulars concerning such property) to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada, and I will and direct that such be paid over or transferred to The Salvation Army in Canada.

I appoint (give name) of (give residence) executor of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this (date) day of (month).

A.D. 19

Signed by the above-named as his last will in the presence of us both, being present at the same time, who in his presence and in the presence of each other, and, at his or her request, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.



THE "LUMBERJACK'S" CHRISTMAS LETTER.